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Says England, since union's de ting dat  
you want,  
By Jasus, I'll give you a belly full on't.  
And if green is de colour you like, by de  
mass,  
You'll be pleas'd when all Dublin is  
covered with grass.  
But says Teague, now by union what is  
it dey mane,  
Sure 'tis bunding three nations all fast in  
one chain.  
'Tis a scheme which quite bodders one's  
brains fait' and troth,  
For its worse for de one, yet its better for  
both.  
Is not Johny Fitzgibbon gone straight to  
de K—g ?  
O between 'em, how nately they'll settle  
de ting.  
He'll drive a rare job for us all, you may  
swear,  
And anoder as good for Lord Chancellor  
Clare.  
Arrah, since we've a parliament not to  
our mind,  
Sure to take it away, now, is wonderful  
kind.  
Would a minister wish for his job's better  
tools  
Dan a cargo of knaves—when exported  
by fools.  
And, by Christ we'll not send him such  
blundering elves,  
Who will tink of der country, and not of  
themselves.  
Oh when Paddy in Westminster takes  
his own sate  
By my soul, he'll enliven the English de-  
bate.  
Should the spaker call order, he'll huff and  
look big  
Till he makes every hair stand on end on  
his wig.  
Should a member presume 'on his speech  
to remark,  
Sure he'll beg just to meet him next day  
in the park.  
For a Park, like our Phoenix, in London  
they've got,  
By Jontlemen us'd for exchanging a shot.  
Won't it be a vast himfit now for our  
trade,  
When all laws to promote it in England  
are made.  
You have seen, Teague, a cur to whose  
draggl'd backside,  
Butcher-boys have a broken old cannister  
ty'd.  
Now if England's de dog, whom French  
butchers assail,

Will not we be de cannister tied to her  
tail ?  
Not a great while ago, sure, we heard a  
vast dale  
About renunciation, and simple repeal.  
But this scheme now will strike every  
orator mute  
And the union will settle this simple dis-  
pute.  
And 'twill den to our fierce orange yea-  
men be known,  
*Dat in cutting our troats deyve been cutting  
dere own.*  
Lillabullero Bulen al ha,  
Lero lero, Lillabullero, lillabullero, bulen  
al ha.

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#### TO RESIGNATION.

COME meek-eyed maid,  
Thou sweet resemblance of a dying  
saint !  
Who claims thy aid,  
Shall ne'er on life's tumultuous voyage  
faint ;  
But cheerily on shall go ; for thou shalt  
bring  
Full draughts of comfort from the Elysian  
spring.  
Come, heaven-born maid,  
Impetuous vice before thy power shall  
fly,  
Each passion laid,  
The adoring penitent shall calmly die,  
Whilst hope's fair tints, shall o'er his  
features play,  
And Heaven's bright sun shall gild his  
parting day.  
By thee sustain'd,  
The captive pris'ner keeps a tranquil  
heart,  
Of nought arraign'd ;  
Thou draw'st injustice' sting and heals't  
the smart,  
Nor shall he droop, supported still by  
thee,  
'Till better days shall give him liberty.  
Taught by thy pow'r  
We e'er shall shun the wretched lure of  
pride,  
And in that hour  
When death shall strike, be thou our  
lucent guide,  
Our pilot still : then, steady we shall soar  
To realms where guilty passions reign no  
more. A PRISONER,

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#### LA VERDURE.

C'EST la verdure  
Qui nous annonce avec gaitè  
Le doux reveil de la nature ;  
Le trône de la volupté  
C'est la verdure.